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Adults Only

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Up South Productions

giantess

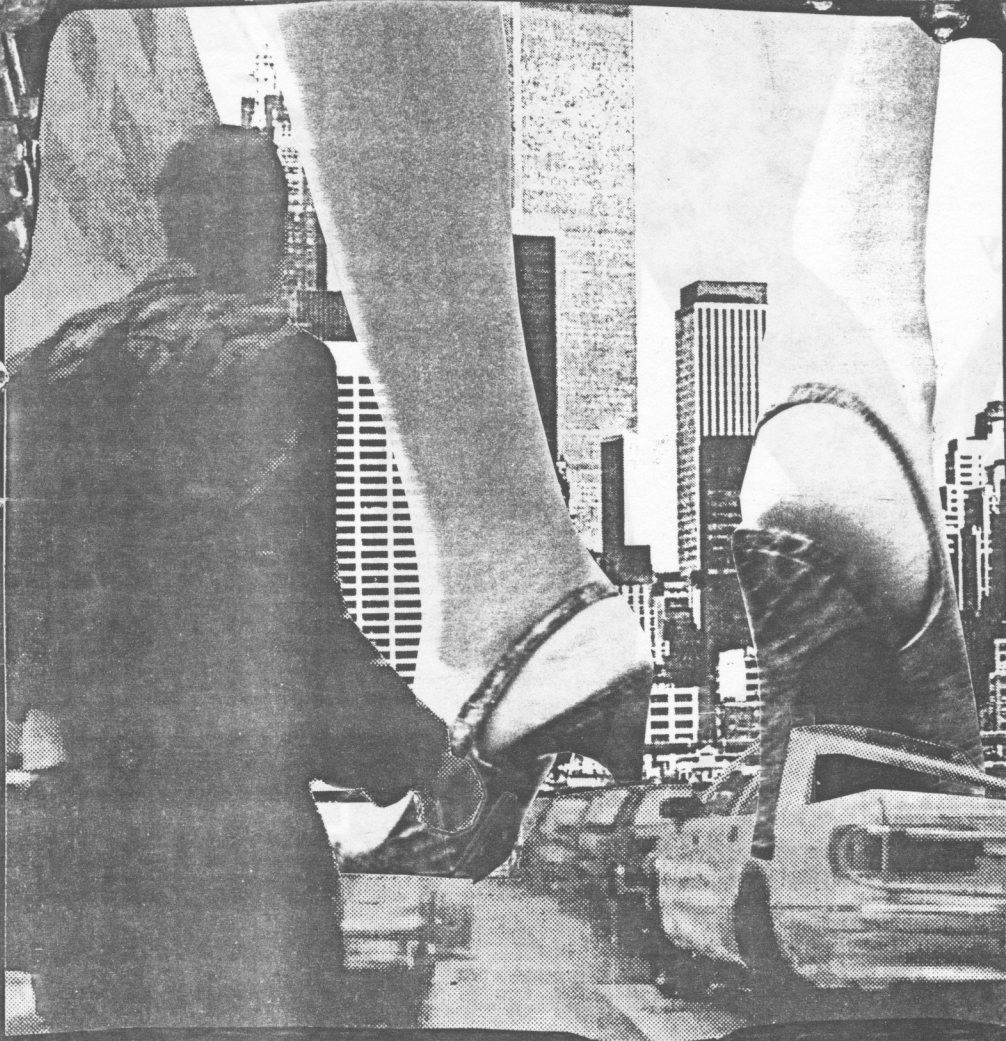
HOTT!!

WARNING: HIGHLY ADDICTIVE!

From the creators of BLACK GIANTESS, and ZENA RULES

Up South Productions

The Art of the possible...



**BLACK GIANTESS
ZENA RULES
FIFTY FOOT WOMAN**

...thanks for making the world
aware of the giantess fetish!
your work has just begun!

SHE HAS SIZED UP AND WISED UP

GET READY TO
GET DEAD!

giantess

meek no more

INTRODUCTION

Welcome giantess/crush fans to the first issue of Fifty Foot Woman. We're sure that you will get a kick out of it! You've been searching for a publication like this for some time. Its' sister zines, Black Giantess and Zena Rules filled the gap, as well as Giantess Show and Squish Magazine, both excellent works. Fifty Foot Woman now takes her place among them. She stands tall, and in good company.

FFW #1 is very, very late in making its' debut. The reasons for this are varied: moving to a new location and finally getting set up, lack of spare time, lack of ideas, lack of funds, etc. This business, like life itself, has its' ups and downs. But as long as we keep focused and harden ourselves (and keep stroking) we will all come together...and sigh.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
The story "Janice in the City" (p.11) was NOT written by me. The original text was found on the Internet. It was unsigned. The "enhanced" version within these pages will be serialized in this and future issues. It the best giantess story I've ever read!!!

FIFTY FOOT WOMAN is a special interest, sexually erotic, satirical and violent work. It is for those into the Giantess/Crush, Foot Worship fantasy. This is a "hand sex drive" safe-sex alternative to dangerous sex practices. The Editor has the highest regard and respect for all women. This publication is NOT intended for minors; and under NO CIRCUMSTANCES are they to view it, possess it, or place an order for it. This is for Mature Adults Only.

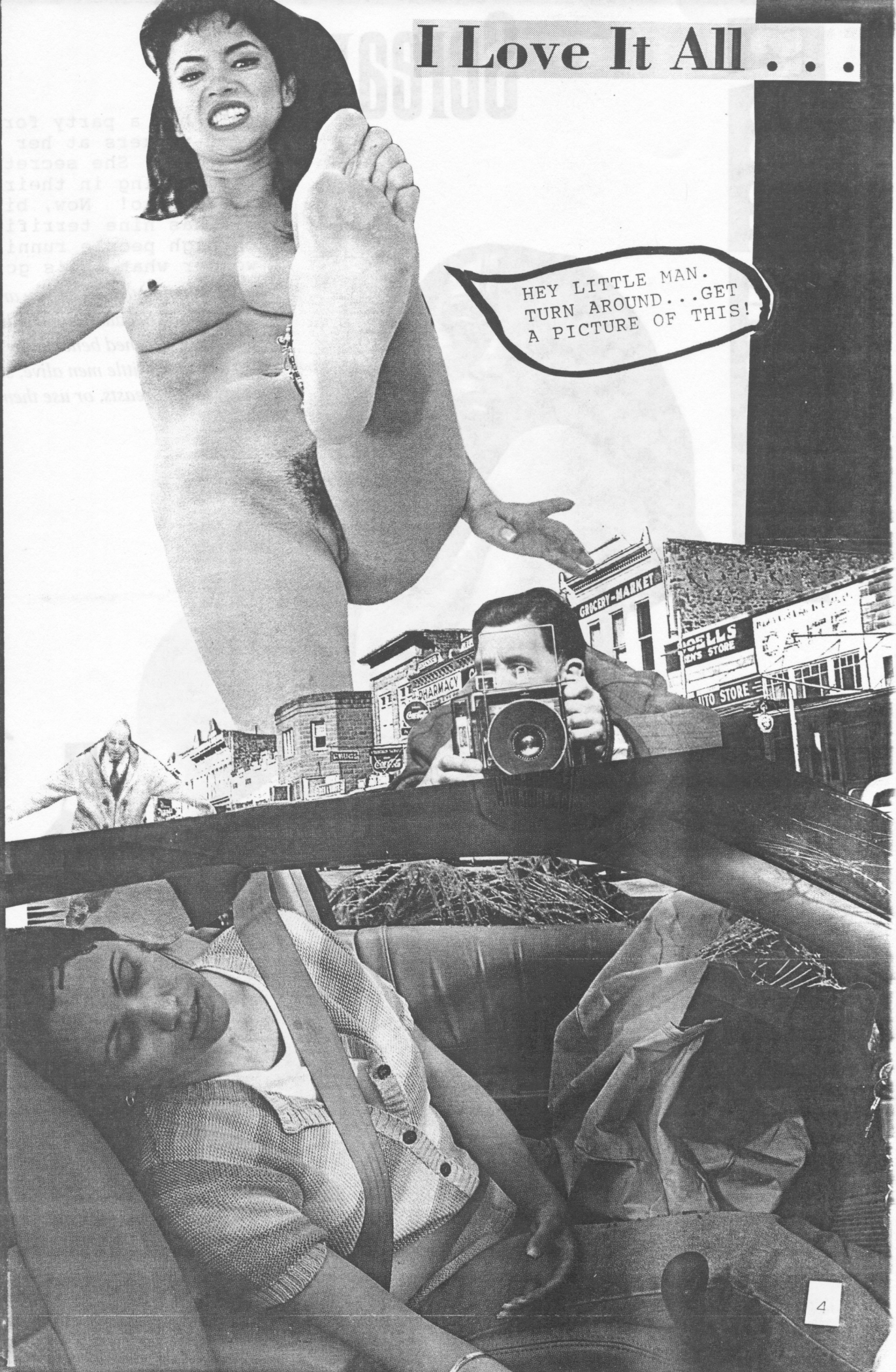
LIFE'S LITTLE INSTRUCTIONS

Sing in the shower • Treat everyone you meet like you want to be treated • Watch a sunrise at least once a year • Leave the toilet seat in the down position • Never refuse homemade brownies • Strive for excellence, not perfection • Plant a tree on your birthday • Learn three clean jokes • Return borrowed vehicles with the gas tank full • Compliment three people every day • Never waste an opportunity to tell someone you love them • Leave everything a little better than you found it • Keep it simple • Think big thoughts but relish small pleasures • Become the most positive and enthusiastic person you know • Floss your teeth • Ask for a raise when you feel you've earned it • Be forgiving of yourself and others • Overtip breakfast waitresses • Say "thank you" a lot • Say "please" a lot • Avoid negative people • Buy whatever kids are selling on card tables in their front yards • Wear polished shoes • Remember other people's birthdays • Commit yourself to constant improvement • Carry jumper cables in your trunk • Have a firm handshake • Send lots of Valentine cards, sign them, "Someone who thinks you're terrific." • Look people in the eye • Be the first to say, "Hello" • Use the food silver • Return all things

you borrow • Make new friends but cherish the old ones • Keep secrets • Sing in a choir • Plant flowers every spring • Have a dog • Always accept an outstretched hand • Stop blaming others. Take responsibility for every area of your life • Wave at kids on school buses • Be there when people need you • Feed a stranger's expired parking meter • Don't expect life to be fair • Never underestimate the power of love • Drink champagne for no reason at all • Live your life as an exclamation, not an explanation • Don't be afraid to say "I made a mistake" • Don't be afraid to say "I don't know" • Compliment even small improvements • Keep your promises no matter what • Marry only for love • Rekindle old friendships • Count your blessings • Call your mother •

Special thanks to Mistress Zena, Tony, Greg, Steve, Bill. Without your help, support, patience, and encouragement, FFW#1 would not have been possible. I really appreciate it.

I Love It All . . .



All the Simple Joys

Scream

Angela had a party for her co-workers at her place one night. She secretly put something in their drinks, and...presto! Now, big-titted Angie has nine terrified, four-inch high people running about! I wonder what she's gonna do now?

I'm going to step on you and crush you to death. Why? Because all men are worms and deserve to be crushed beneath my size 10 foot! I also like to eat little men alive, smother them under my large breasts, or use them as live dildos!



CRUSHED
LIKE
BUGS

what's
happening??

let me go! AHHHHHHH,
my back! NOOOOOO!!

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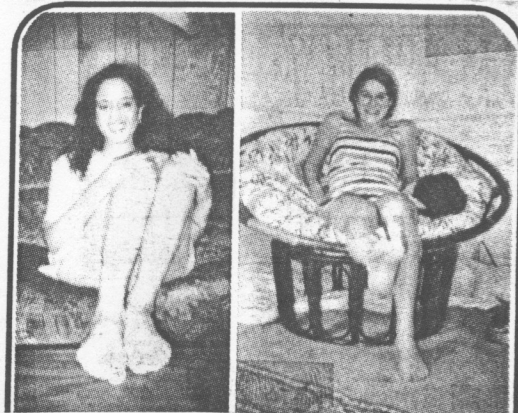
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

That's cool how you put all the stuff together like that! Great work! I love your style! I have a very strong giantess/crush fetish; no matter the race or size of the foot goddess!

Take a word of advice from your English friend here, pace yourself. First, don't try to do everything all at once, take it from someone who knows...it's impossible. Secondly, don't bite off more than you can chew. You'll be amazed just how much you can get done if you just do it a bit at a time.

By a "bit", I don't mean as much as you can do, I mean just a portion of the whole work. Set yourself a target then STOP!!!! If you try to do too much all at once, or too quickly, all you'll succeed in doing is making yourself ill, then nothing will get done at all. Take it from me, "Slowly, slowly catchee monkey," is the name of the game here. As for your comment about "too much stuff is better than not enough." I am in complete agreement with you. It's far better looking at it, than for it.

Recently I purchased a FOOTSY Magazine, and saw your ad for 50ft Woman. I've been a giantess fan since I was a kid; but now, living in Germany, this kind of material is non-existent.

I am interested in your new publication, Fifty-Foot Woman. I have enjoyed Black Giantess; and hope the new publication is equally good.

It sounds like you've taken on quite an abundance of projects. I hope you won't over-exert yourself!

I'm glad to hear that some plumper-themed pictures will make it into your magazine. I just hope that some of your other subscribers don't react too adversely. I do realize that such subject matter isn't to everyone's taste; and I wouldn't want to affect future sales of upcoming issues. Hell, I should just do a plumper/giantess 'zine myself. That I'll get it out of my system! Let's face it-macrophilia is something that, for the most part, will probably remain an independent movement of collected individuals who will have to rely on one another for material. You'd think that as such, we'd all be a bit more unified. If you've ever had the opportunity to view any of the giantess-themed web sites and newsgroups, the level of unity at times is abysmal!

Good Luck with FIFTY FOOT WOMAN #1! I hope your readers will enjoy it in a BIG way (grin)!

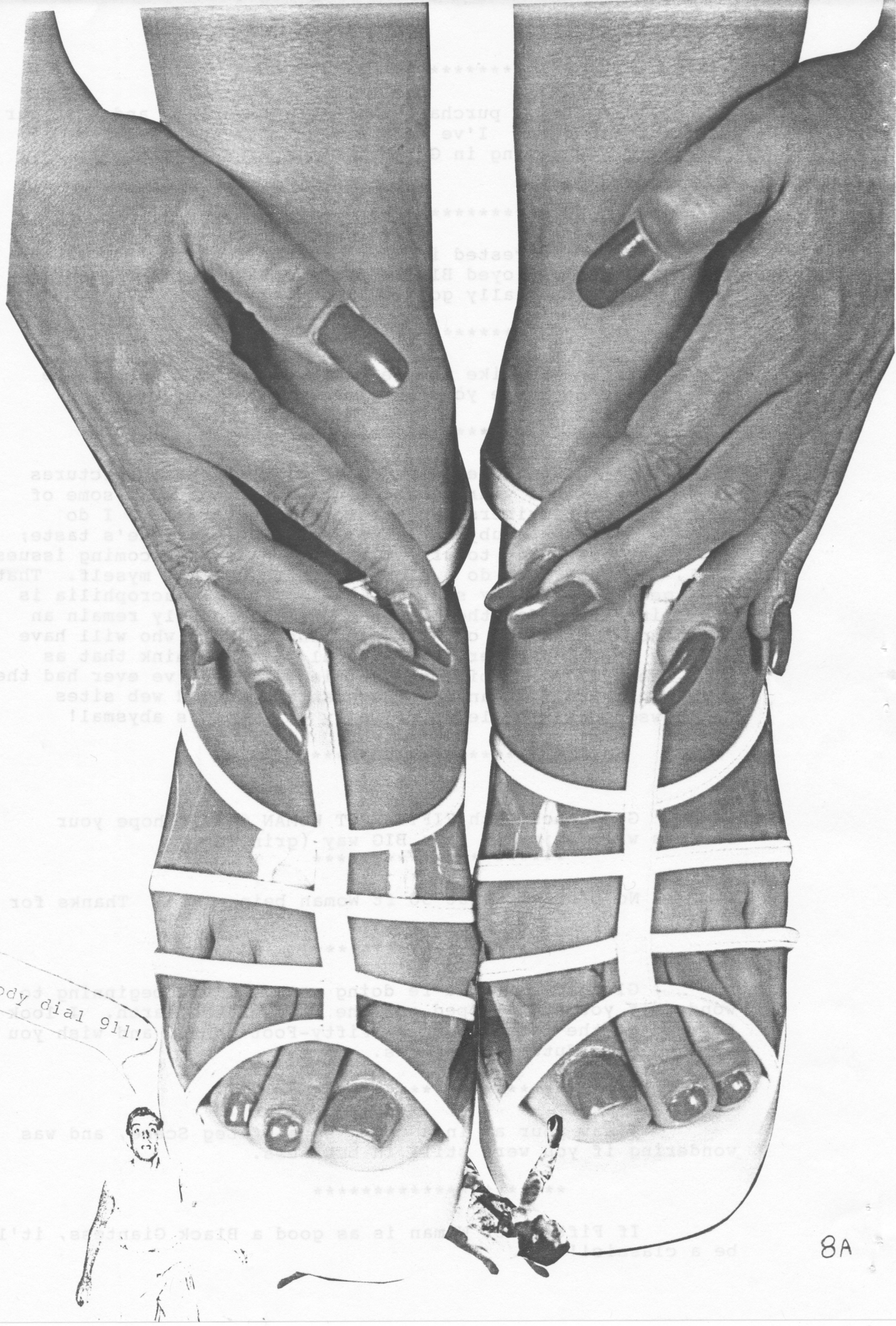
No problem about 50 ft Woman being late. Thanks for update.

Glad to hear you're doing well. I was beginning to wonder if you had dropped off the face of the earth. I look forward to the first issue of Fifty-Foot Woman, and wish you well on your future endeavors.

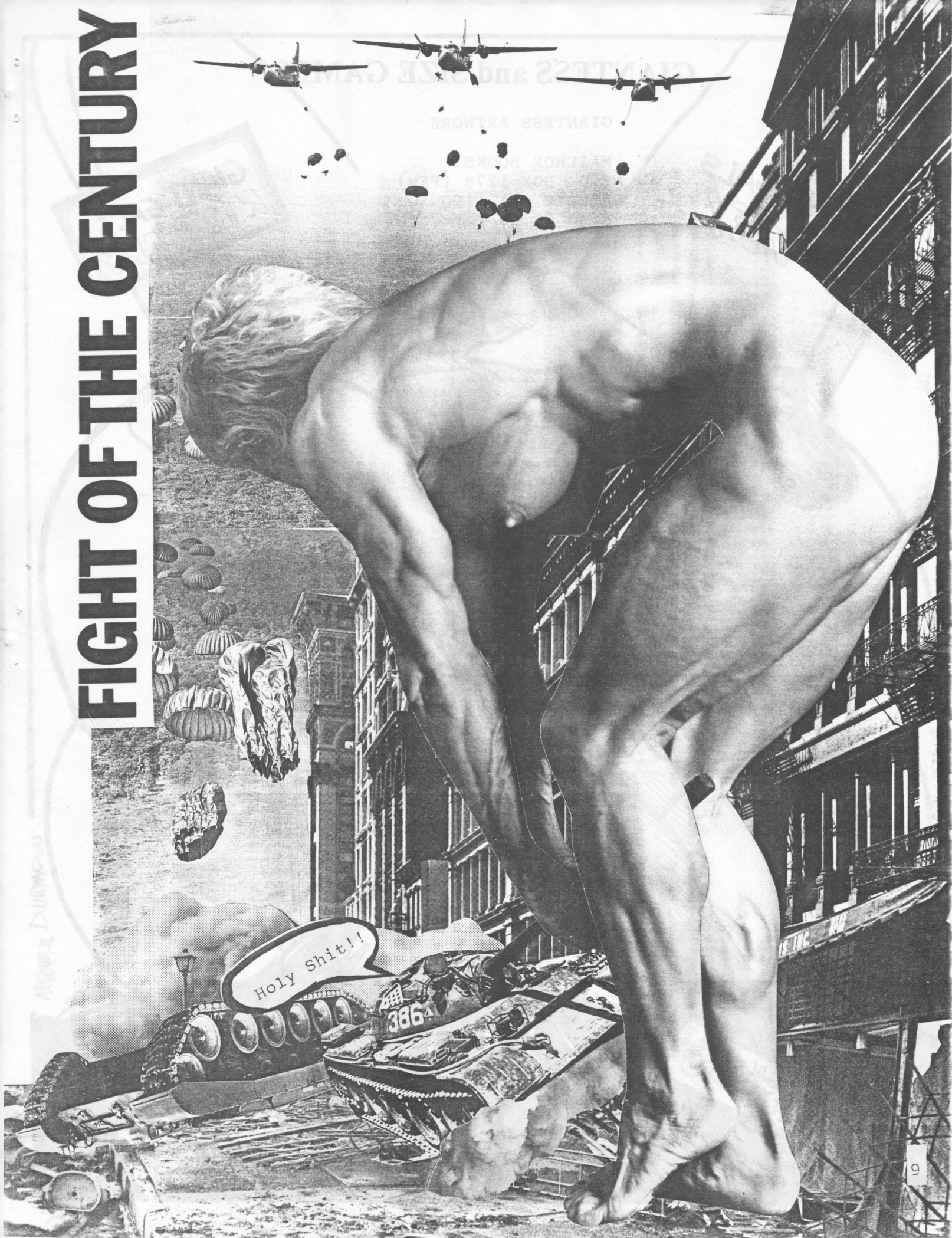
I saw your ad in a back issue of Leg Scene, and was wondering if you were still in business.

If Fifty Foot Woman is as good a Black Giantess, it'll be a classic!!

Somebody dial 911!



FIGHT OF THE CENTURY



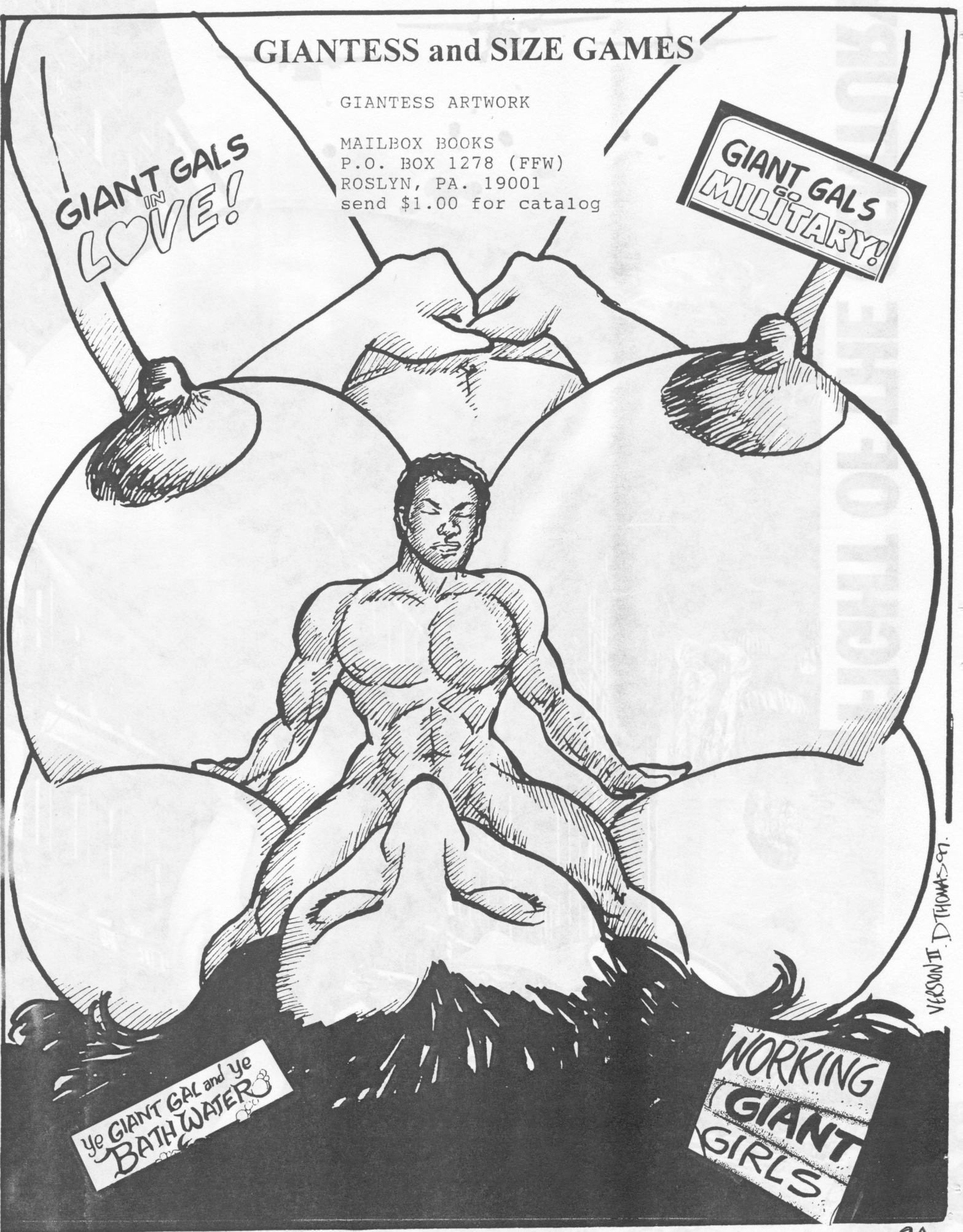
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PLANE GOES DOWN





FIFTY FOOT WOMAN

Savannah the GIANTESS

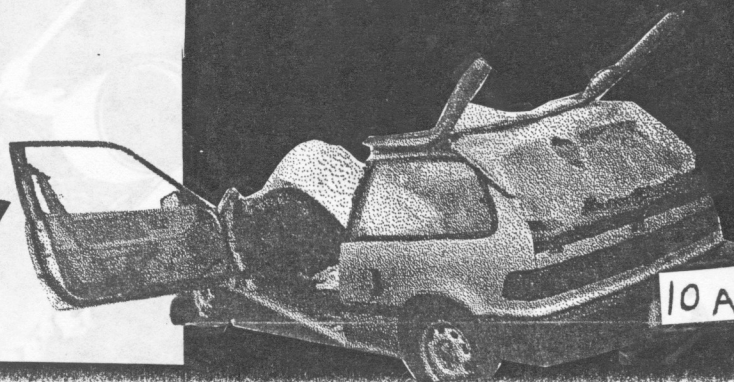
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**Ahh, Victory Is
Sweet Indeed.**

JANICE in the CITY

HOT!

**Do you like my
HOT ASS?**

Off the coast of Los Angeles there was an earthquake. Stuff from the bottom of the waters rose to its top. Where Janice was swimming. The effect was incredibly fast: one instant Janice was floating on an inner tube in the bay, the next she was surrounded by this weird, bubbling concoction. The vapors filled the air around her, permeated her. She felt dizzy, then giddy-as though caught in a fast-falling elevator. Suddenly, she was floundering in deep water. No...not deep, only thigh-high. But it should have been deeper. And when she opened her eyes, things were were wrong! The coast was too close...and at a funny angle. The waves looked too far away. And there was a breeze...it was quiet. And that seagull.

Then it struck her. SHE was wrong!!! She was looking down, instead of up! Then she gasped. SHE WAS HUGE! Enormous! She must have been hundreds of feet tall!!!! The coast, which had been nearly a mile away, was now a few short strides distant. In consternation, she glanced from side to side, as though seeking help; and then glanced down sharply. Her green bikini was intact, concealing her ample

breasts, but she felt horribly exposed. Dashing out of the water, she stood on the beach, her suntanned body looking for a place to hide.

Then it occurred to her that the beach was filled with people. People who couldn't move fast enough to avoid her! Who she had not seen. A strange sensation filled her gut. Not daring to look to see if she had crushed anyone under her enormous, sexy barefeet, Janice returned to the water, and waded out into it, until the beach was far behind her.

She spotted the city. Surely someone there could help her. Eagerly she waded towards the distant buildings. The waters rose then, and ebbed from her gigantic body, as she crossed the bay. But once again, her impetuous hurry betrayed her, and she stared guiltily at the little bubbles of boats that were sent to the bottom of the bay by her shapely, dangerous, churning thighs! Desperate now to get out of the water, the giantesses headed for the nearest docks. But everywhere she looked there was no place to escape the waters without...stepping on something!!! Finally, in a bit of a huff, Janice chose the most sparsely populated section available, and climbed out of the water.

It never occurred to her, the awesome spectacle she made as she lifted her titanic body onto the docks. Water, cascading from her like a hundred waterfalls! She moved with a ponderous kind of power that sent thousands screaming into the streets. Her bikini only served to accentuate her colossal figure, and Janice had a body to be proud of. Tall, muscled, and full-bodied...and very feminine. Her hair was long and blonde, her eyes a lovely shade of green, her full, red lips pouted and unsure as she looked down at her red, painted toes. Her right foot was standing on the smashed remains of a warehouse; her left foot in the middle of (of all things) a parking lot!! It seemed that no matter how careful she was, things were getting stepped on. And she was getting tired of it. And there was that weird feeling in her gut.

Still, it was a marvelous sight. And she drew deep of the sea air until her bikini top was stretched-drum tight-across her great breasts. Her thick nipples screamed to break through! A momentary thought, naughty and delicious, flitted through her mind. But she shook her head, and tried to find a place to sit down and wait for someone to find her. To help her. But no matter where she turned or stepped, she ended up crushing it under her bare foot. It was a strangely satisfying sensation! Those cars, and that crowded bus had CRUNCHED in a most delightful way. And the houses...the houses literally EXPLODED under her heels!

Janice stopped a moment, and looked down. There was the deep impression of an exquisite footprint, with little cracks in the ground radiating away from it. And in her footprint were two cars pressed totally flat; and beside the cars were two tiny sets of grease stains. The strange feeling in her gut suddenly expanded into a flame of hot pleasure. Suddenly, Janice had fully realized something...SHE WAS A REAL GIANTESS!!!! Nothing half-baked, but a real honest-to-God, EIGHTY STORY TALL, BIKINI CLAD GODDESS!!! One that sank ships with her thighs. One that stepped on buildings and cars like they were toys, and crushed people like they were bugs. And she knew that strange sensation was...LUST!!! Power Lust. Sexual Lust. And she was a big woman in a little city. And...And...and what?

The giantess mulled it over for a moment, but the answer was obvious. Reaching up, she ripped her helpless bikini top to shreds. This was the ultimate exhibitionism. The greatest strip tease on earth. She waggled her shoulders, and made her breasts flap up and down. The cool air on her wet skin was nice, and made her tingle. Her nipples were swollen huge and hard beyond belief. She imagined gouging holes in buildings with them! Cupping her hands under her breasts, she measured their weight. Fuck the little gouges-with boobs like these Janice could slam a building into rubble!!!

Reaching down between her legs, she was not surprised to find her bikini bottoms tight, and sopping wet. She easily tore them from her hips. Now she stood in her full glory, enormous beyond imagining. Hands confidently placed on her hips, feet spread, and planted firmly upon houses, cars and people. Who gives a shit!! Looking down, the wind from the bay wafting her long blonde hair over her shoulder, she scanned the ground between her feet. Somewhere down there, someone was getting the view of his or her pathetic little life. Reaching between her thighs, Janice spread her pussy lips, and little drops of cum fell from her hairy cunt. To the world far below, each drop was a falling gallon of heavy, slick, fragrant cream, smearing those in the crowd.

But Janice's eyes now turned to the city; the buildings filled with tiny people, streets jam-packed with cars, trucks, buses...and more people! With nowhere to run. NO WHERE TO HIDE. With a wicked grin-a naughty grin, Janice stepped forward. No longer giving a damn what got stepped on. Her pussy and asshole ached to be filled, and that was the only place with anything big enough to do the job! The earth shook as she strode into the city...let the rampage begin!

The buildings rose up around Janice like a stone and metal forest, so it was suddenly strange to be among objects that were comparable to her own colossal size. Far below, the tarmac cracked and sank under her beautiful barefeet; and cars, crowded buses and people were crushed beyond recognition. People were terrified, and complete and utter chaos had broken out, as water mains exploded (which wet her huge toes), and buildings shifted on their foundations-and smoke poured out of some. But she paid little attention to the mayhem she was causing. Instead, the eighty story naked woman stopped to admire her reflection in one of the glass buildings...playing idly with herself.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN



It occurred to her to look closer. Much closer. Till her great green eyes were just inches from the face of the building. To her delight she was able to discern tiny people. People who, needless to say, were cramming the windows everywhere to look at this gigantic naked giantess...standing in front of their building. Some of the men and women hid behind their desks, peering over the tops. Others beat it for the elevators. Many tried to flee down the never ending rows of staircases. All you could hear was screaming, screaming!

Playfully, Janice leaned forward just a little more, and kissed the face of the skyscraper, leaving a little dab of lipstick on the outer glass. When she looked again, the people near that spot looked particularly terrified, and she laughed with delight. Taking a step back-which caused her to crush a small coffee house, she raised her arms over her head, and began to...dance for tiny audience. Her hips swayed slowly from side to side, her colossal breasts dipped and bounced, and jiggled. Janice closed her eyes and moved to the music of...terrible crunching noises, sirens, crashes, and screaming coming from down below her ankles. This was HER MUSIC, and it made her HOT! Now wonderfully aware of the things being utterly destroyed under her tremendous peds, Janice continued grinding out a dance for her lust. Her Lust. She dropped her arms, running her hands over her massive boobs, fingering her nipples. She stuck out her long tongue and began licking her titanic tits, while staring at the tiny people inside the skyscraper. This went on for several moments. Then she ran her hands down her sides, and in between her legs. She rubbed herself furiously, swinging her head wildly from side to side. She hoped that the people in the glass building were enjoying the show...because it would be their last!

She stopped, and looked in on the tiny people inside the skyscraper. They were helpless before her. Janice nodded her head and grinned an evil grin. Without warning she stepped forward, pressing her enormous breasts-and rock hard nipples-up against the face of the building. It felt deliciously cool against her aroused nipples...so she...pressed...closer...and closer. And then too close. She took a deep breath which caused her chest to swell even more; and with a rending CRASH, her tits burst in through the front of the building...instantly killing, crushing, and pinning down dozens of the unfortunate onlookers. With an evil sneer, Janice grabbed the back of the defenseless building and ground her enormous tit flesh into the face of the skyscraper. Horrible screams, and more crunching could be heard from inside it as she pressed her side to side! It felt good, real good! But that was less than satisfying, for a woman of her size. She was going to have to find something better soon.

Stepping back, she admired the two gapping holes in the face of the building. Looking down, she brushed some of the dust and debris from her breasts. The way she thrust them forward, they actually looked proud of their little ...trick. Bending down a little, she examined the damage she had caused. To Janice, this building seemed about four feet wide, and about two feet taller herself. But it still stood, despite the fantastic gashes Janice's boobs had inflicted upon it. Curious, Janice reached into one of the holes with her hand and felt about.

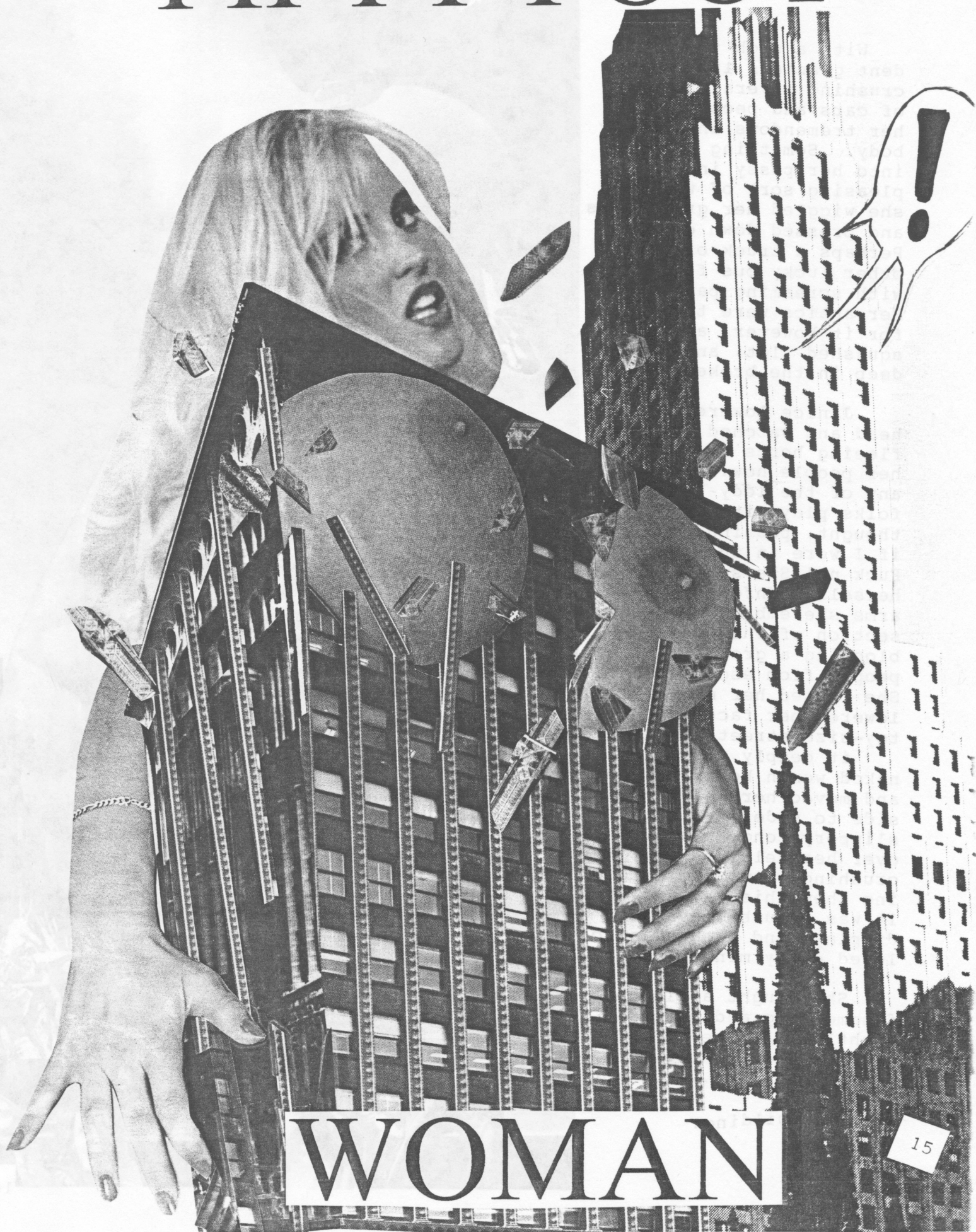
The beautiful, deadly giantess could just barely tell offices, and desks, with her fingers. She could make out lifeless men and women, but most things were just too small. She could feel people pressing and beating upon her fingers and palm. "Fuck you," she said, and on an impulse pushed her hand deeper into the building. Now that was something. It was like pushing into crunchy graham crackers: the walls resisted her slightly before being smashed aside. At one point, she thought she felt an elevator shaft, and then a car. And then another one. With her arm thrust almost to her shoulder into the skyscraper building, Janice wrapped her enormous fingers around the two tiny square boxes, and crushed them like tinfoil. The thought of what any little people in those doomed boxes must have felt, excited her, and she got very wet between the legs.

The giantess moved her arm around inside the building more quickly now; driving her fingers up through floors, and sideways through offices. The tiny people inside, trying desperately to escape, never had a chance. It was too much! Suddenly, the helpless structure was a collapsing avalanche of rock and steel, spewing dust and debris into the air, as it fell into a pile about her feet. Janice stared at it a moment in surprise. With a shout of laughter, she spun around and leaped upon the next, nearest building! It exploded as she tackled it-her gargantuan body driving through it-sprawling across many city blocks, crushing dozens of smaller buildings as she fell to the ground. Laying there, she laughed quietly. Shit, she was FUN!

After a moment she rose up on her hands and knees; and with her gigantic naked ass in the air, crawled toward a nearby intersection. Poking her head around the corner, Janice stared with delight at another street with was completely packed with fleeing, panic-stricken mobs of tiny men and women. They were dozens of stalled cars, trucks and buses. She listened avidly to their little screams. The yelling, shouting, and blood-curdling screams increased-as did the honking of horns-when they spotted her!

Moving forward, she supported herself on her hands and legs; her great, milk-filled breasts dragged from side to side, rolling over cars, people, and whatever got in their way! She grabbed a bus filled with people. She lifted it to her face and looked inside. Then she turned the bus on it's side and began licking it-as if it were an ice cream cone! After several moments of this, she opened her

FIFTY FOOT



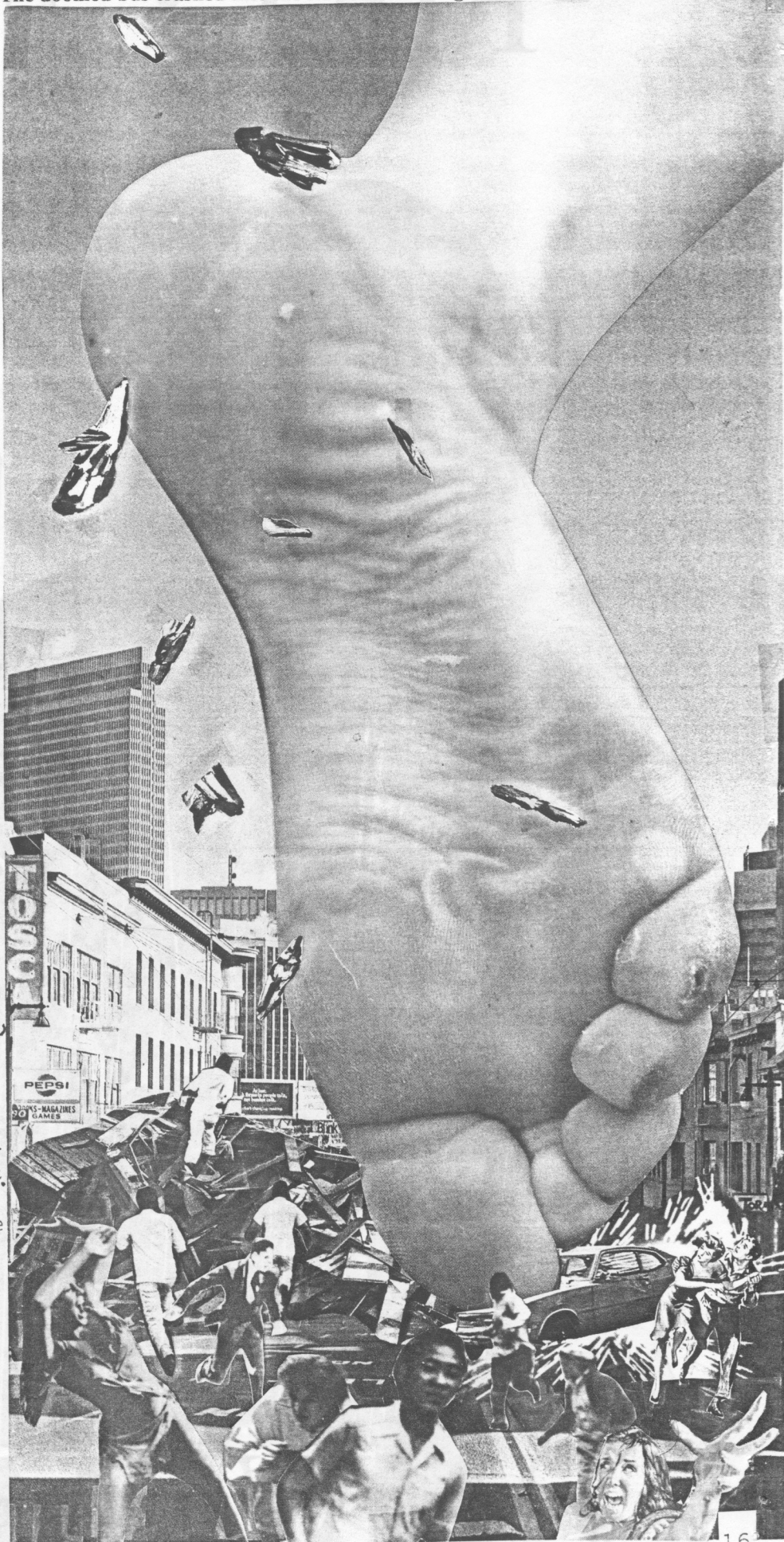
WOMAN

mouth and inserted it between her lips. She sucked on it, covering it with her saliva. This excited her. She imagined what it was like to be in that bus. Then, without a second thought, she pulled it from her mouth and flung it into the air. The doomed bus crashed into the side of a building. Janice laughed.

With a sigh the decadent giantess laid down, crushing several blocks of cars and people under her tremendous and lovely body. Something poked into her pussy in a most pleasing sort of way, and she wiggled her great hips and pressed down on it. Perhaps a truck or another lucky bus filled with screaming passengers. Her antics were too much for it however, and it was squashed flat, and mashed deep in the broken road.

Janice lowered her head and watched the tiny fleeing herds of people, her people now. Wouldn't any of the iddy-biddy folks play with me, she thought, pouting? Would I, if I were in their place? Fuck no! She smiled to herself. Unfolding her arms she embraced a wide section of the avenue, blocking a great press of people from escaping her. She pursed her moist lips, lowered her face to the toy-size street and kissed it deeply. The giant naked woman began to growl, and moved her head from side to side; her long slippery tongue lapping over her helpless victims, crushing them, and spreading them this way and that. It was an unbelievable display; and steamy Janice loved every minute of it.

She caught a glance of something, and smiled brightly. At the end of the crumpled street was another building...but not just any building.



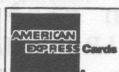
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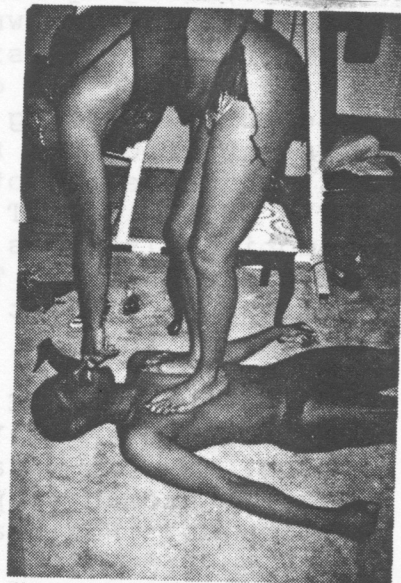
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The Prestone Building, fifth floor, was the place where her ex-boyfriend Eric worked. Eric the executive-the one who had cheated on her. The fair haired boy who was not above using his fists on her. Suddenly she wanted Eager Eric to see what she was now. Oh yeah, she wanted him badly.

Standing to her full height, Janice brushed the tiny crushed people and debris from her sumptuous bare body, and stomped down the puny street-working up her anger and rage. That miserable little bastard had put her in the hospital. Six months ago Janice walked in on him and his cutie-pie secretary doing the nasty, in his office. Urged on by his air head honey, Eric turned on Janice, and beat her senseless. Then he and Pretty Polly claimed that she had slipped and hurt herself. It worked. Janice, who tried to forgive him, was then dumped. The rage building inside of so enormous a woman, was not easy to contain.

Wildly she lashed out and stiff armed a tall apartment building, its' windows filled with horrified tenants. The building rocked. "Eric!!! This is for you Eric," Janice roared. The apartment house was no higher than her shoulders. The giantess turned toward it and grabbed it, pushing it over into a thunderous, collapsing ruin. With her long, beautiful foot, she kicked through a grocery store, grinning evilly as it too exploded into rubble, above the terrified screaming of its' inhabitants. Having made her deadly point, Janice turned back around and headed toward the Prestone Building, and Eric. Moving faster now, faster-almost running-about to leap, and bring the tiny man down, and hundreds of others, she would crash through the imposing office building. She wouldn't feel a thing!

But then she stopped. That was tooooooo easy! She wanted him to die slowly, miserably, like she had. Polly too! Crossing her arms she spoke. Her voice was feminine thunder, cracking glass and powdering stone. "OKAY LITTLE PRICKS, LISTEN GOOD!! IF YOU BRING ME ERIC DEMMERLY AND POLLY MASTERS IN TEN MINUTES, I'LL LEAVE YOUR FUCKING BUILDING ALONE. IF NOT, I'LL..."

It didn't take ten minutes. Hardly three minutes passed before a small mob hustled the doomed pair into the courtyard; then dashed back into the building. Janice could see hundreds of tiny faces pressing against the windows of the Prestone Building, watching her. She looked down and smiled, carefully placing her colossal barefeet on either side of her two captives. Polly screamed, and held on to Eric for dear life, as those huge peds sank deep into the concrete-sending cracks in her direction! The naked giantess stared at Eric; who raised his arms in mute astonishment and fear. Lifting her left foot, she held it over them. "WHAT DO YOU THINK ERIC? SHOULD I JUST STEP ON YOU? YOU LITTLE SHIT!" She wiggled her automobile-size toes. "LOOK CLOSE POLLY, YOU LITTLE WHORE! THESE TOES HAVE BEEN BUSY TODAY. SEE ANYBODY YOU KNOW STUCK TO THEM?" She laughed, and set her foot down again. The toes were directly in front of them.

"GET UP HERE LITTLE PEOPLE. GET BETWEEN MY TOES BEFORE I GET MAD...AND CRUSH YOU INTO PASTE!" Eric didn't need a second warning. He ran up and dashed between her Big and Second toe. Polly was frozen in place and couldn't move. God she was...HUGE!!! she thought. His head didn't even rise above her toes! "HMMM...". Janice purred, "GOOD. GEE BUT YOU'RE SMALL. STILL...WHY DON'T YOU CLEAN MY TOES?" Eric looked up in shock. Was she nuts? "HURRY UP LITTLE MAN. AND YOU TOO POLLY!!" The tiny pair pressed forward and started to lick the warm, soft skin, trying to stay calm and not think about the carnage those tooties had caused. "ERIC!?" "i'm trying!" he shrieked back. Forgetting his place, he pounded on her skin with his fists. Polly tried to stop him. "AHHH, NOW I FEEL YOU," the giantess laughed. "'GUESS I'M NOT SENSITIVE ENOUGH THERE. LET'S TRY SOMETHING ELSE." And to their horror she started to sit down.

It was like a mountain coming to rest. It was like the sky falling. Boom! The ground shook and heaved about them. Eric and his secretary felt like they were the last people on earth. And then she was down; her big legs rising and surrounding them like hills... her body rising before the tiny people, impossibly huge! Janice watched her two little toys with amusement-wondering if they'd still be standing there if they knew what she intended to do to them. Not that they could escape her. No way. No how.

"HEY THERE PRETTY POLLY. WHAT DO YA THINK, HUH?" Janice, the largest woman on earth, reached between her great bare legs with her hands, and peeled her hairy, forest-like pussy lips open for her. Her cave like cunt glistened, filled with pussy cream, oozing onto the ground. The heat and musky air from the slippery, elastic slit washed over Polly and Eric in waves. "good God," was all the little man could say. That pussy was over two stories high, and that ladies' clit was the size was Eric's luxury car!!! Janice grinned. Tensing those gigantic vagina muscles, she made her pussy expand, and then close shut. "HEY TIDY-BIDDY POLLY! MY CUNT'S BIGGER THAN YOURRRR CUNT." The tiny lady wobbled and fell. Eric went completely white with fear as he watched that tremendous pussy.

IN STEP

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Janice loved it. "ERIC, MY LITTLE LOVE," she cooed, "IT'S TIME TO CLIMB MOUNT CUNT AND GIVE YOUR LITTLE GIRL A KISS." He shook his head and backed away-only to fall over Polly. Polly screamed, and pushed him toward Janice. Janice smiled at her, then frowned. "OH DEAR ERIC, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE A CHOICE. NO, YOU DON'T..." and she reached out with her hand towards them. She placed the teeney woman on the rock hard nipple of her right breast. Eric was lowered to her hairy hole. With a yelp, he darted forward under her fingers and grabbed two handfuls of her long, coarse pussy hairs. Like a flea, he clambered up her cunt, fighting to avoid the huge, sticky gobs of her juices.

From high overhead, Janice pulled her large right tit to her mouth. Tiny Polly was sucked into her throat as the giantess licked, chewed, slobbered over, and sucked on her nipple. While she devoured her little rival, Janice watched Eric intently, growling with pleasure, as her little man climbed her magnificent muff. She still chewed on her nipple as she glared down at Eric. Her hands now began to massage her gargantuan breasts, her long blonde hair cascading over her forehead, her green eyes bright and alive with excitement. "GO FOR IT LITTLE MAN. I ATE PRETTY POLLY, AND I MIGHT EAT...", she whispered; sticking out her long tongue, which had a piece of Polly's torn dress, stuck to it.

He was scared to death! There was no way out! Eager Eric looked down at her enormous clit, and with both hands grabbed at it. Far above, Janice the Giant Murderess, sighed and moaned slightly. The little fellow began to massage the soft hot flesh, smearing himself from head to foot in creamy goo. She twitched and bucked under him, like a small earthquake, as she reveled in his actions. Her hands massaged her breasts, and she pinched and pulled her nipples. Janice spat out the tiny piece of ripped cloth that had been part of Polly's dress. It flew high in the air, and fell like a shroud on Eric. She looked at him, and resisted the temptation to rub her muff. He simply wasn't enough for her needs. It was too much for her. She picked him up and brought him to her face. "o God, don't eat me, pleaseee...", he screamed. "SORRY ERIC, I NEED TO FINISH MYSELF OFF. GOODBYE LITTLE PRICK, I DON'T YOU'RE GOING TO SURVIVE OUR FINAL...FUCK."

He screamed and wiggled around madly, but Janice couldn't care less. She spread her cunt lips with her fingers, and lowered her violent, cheating, ex-boss between her thighs; carefully inserting him into her...pushing him deep inside with her forefinger. She then lay on her back, and started masturbating; abandoning herself to her orgasm. Wondering if Eric would last till then.

For Eric it was the end. Her vagina closed about him like a great wet cave-hot as an oven-flooded with pussy juice, pressing in on him from all sides. In the darkness he felt himself rise and fall, as she humped her pelvis off the ground. The man was dying...drowning in her hot, thick cream, smothering in her soft enormous vagina. The flesh was too heavy for him to move!!!! He struggled in vain, unaware that Janice felt his pathetic little wiggles...and got off on 'em. suddenly a wave of incredible heat washed over Eric, her love milkshake was gushing down his throat; his body fighting and twisting in her monstrous pussy. It was no longer soft, but rock hard-clenching tight like a great fist!

With laughing disdain, the giantess crushed Eric to pulp with her cunt. Abandoning herself in the moment, she finger-fucked herself;mashing the gooey remains of her puny ex-lover. She was drunk with lust; and her orgasmic screams blew out windows all over the city. Her flailing barefeet brushed Eric's former workplace, and the building swayed. The people inside were hurled this way and that! With a snarl Janice pile-driven her feet into it, and soon reduced it to a pile of rubble. Then, riding the ebbing waves of sexual pleasure, Janice grinned. She pulled her sopping fingers from her cunt and tasted them-savoring Eric as she had Polly-satisfied...for the moment with her revenge. Rolling her head she sighed, then laughed gaily. Eric and Pretty Polly were alright for a start, but it was time for a REAL FUCK. And she had just spotted her next victim...

The Amazing Colossal Woman examined it from all sides. It was perfect. The object of her desire was an eleven story red brick apartment building. It was tiny,next to her eight hundred feet of woman. Already she had easily demolished more and larger buildings than this one. But this one was built just for her. On the roof, crowds of people panicked and swarmed. Betrayed by their fascination with her, they were now trapped. Making an 'O' with her fingers, Janice measured its thickness and smiled. Using her fingernails, she chipped off any rough spots; then for good measure crushed in the various doorways on the roofs and at the front doors. Chewing on her tongue, she built up enough saliva and spat it onto the building, also hitting many of the tiny victims trapped on the roof. She also reached between her legs for her more fragrant juices, and smeared that onto the building, until it glistened dark and wet.

Next, she hunkered about on her knees until she was a little forward of the structure, with it nestled between her legs. Then reaching between her thighs with one hand, she spread her cunt wide and sank down on it slowly. The initial penetration was sweet, engulfing the building with dreadful ease. Janice wanted to crush those tiny people on the roof, under her cervix. The top of it had spread her wide enough, that those near the center would survive. She tried to visualize it. Careless people near the edge of the roof being swept off it by her thick cunt; to be crushed and smeared down the side of the apartment house. The survivors gasping for breath in her hot murky, and musky smelling cavern, as the air pressure rose. Descending from high above to smash them, her mighty cervix, doorway to her vast womb.



Nothing fancy for them. Janice just sat down until she felt the buildings' top touch her cervix. She wiggled her hips, grinding them between her and the roof, until she felt the top story cave in under her weight. It was a marvel that the building-dildo had endured this long. Once again she began to bounce herself on the structure, taking deeper strokes. The ground shook under her. Nearby buildings were swaying slightly, and dropping bits of rock and mortar to the streets far below. It felt so good, she humped it for awhile, massaging her titanic titties, and admiring the damage she had done to the defenseless city.

The land was reeling from her trail of destruction, though enough buildings remained for her to try some different things. She doubted that the fleeing mobs of people were making any headway. Her toes tingled and spread as she recalled the delightful sensation of stepping barefoot onto a mob of tiny people, crushing them like ants!

The giantess was getting hotter than ever now. Janice squealed, and her pussy tightened, then gripped the building like a vice! An explosion occurred deep within the structure, and flames suddenly appeared at some of the windows. Janice went wild! She wanted to rip the apartment building from its foundation, but waited. She wondered what it looked like from inside the structure. Damn scary, for sure. The house would be groaning with the strain, mingling noises with the loud slurping sound her pussy made. The furniture would be thrown all over the place. If the people didn't die in the fire, they ran around in total darkness. The windows were coated in her thick cum juices. There would be some light, lasting a few seconds at a time, as she rose up on her stroke... then blackness, and a thunderous BOOMMM! rocking the floor as she sank back on the building-dildo. Her pussy slammed on its base far below!

Pumping faster, and faster now, Janice came hugely! The earth leapt under her like an earthquake. Her mammoth breasts bounced and heaved without mercy. She whipped her head from side to side-her long blonde hair snapping and flowing in a wild tangle. "OH GOD! OH YES! FUCK ME, FUCK MEEEE!" she screamed, over and over. Her loud screams blew out more windows in the city! Her colossal vagina would not let go of the apartment building. Tighter, tighter it gripped. Some outer wall started to cave in. The structure resisted her for a moment, then was pulled off its foundation! She dragged it back and forth on the broken sidewalk, and she gripped her tits, and started licking and sucking them without mercy. She wiggled her great ass back and forth, side to side, until her monster pussy crushed the building into a pile of smoking, soaking rubble. With her fingers, she spread herself and let it fall with a ruinous crash to the ground; as though she had just taken a huge dump.

to be continued in next issue

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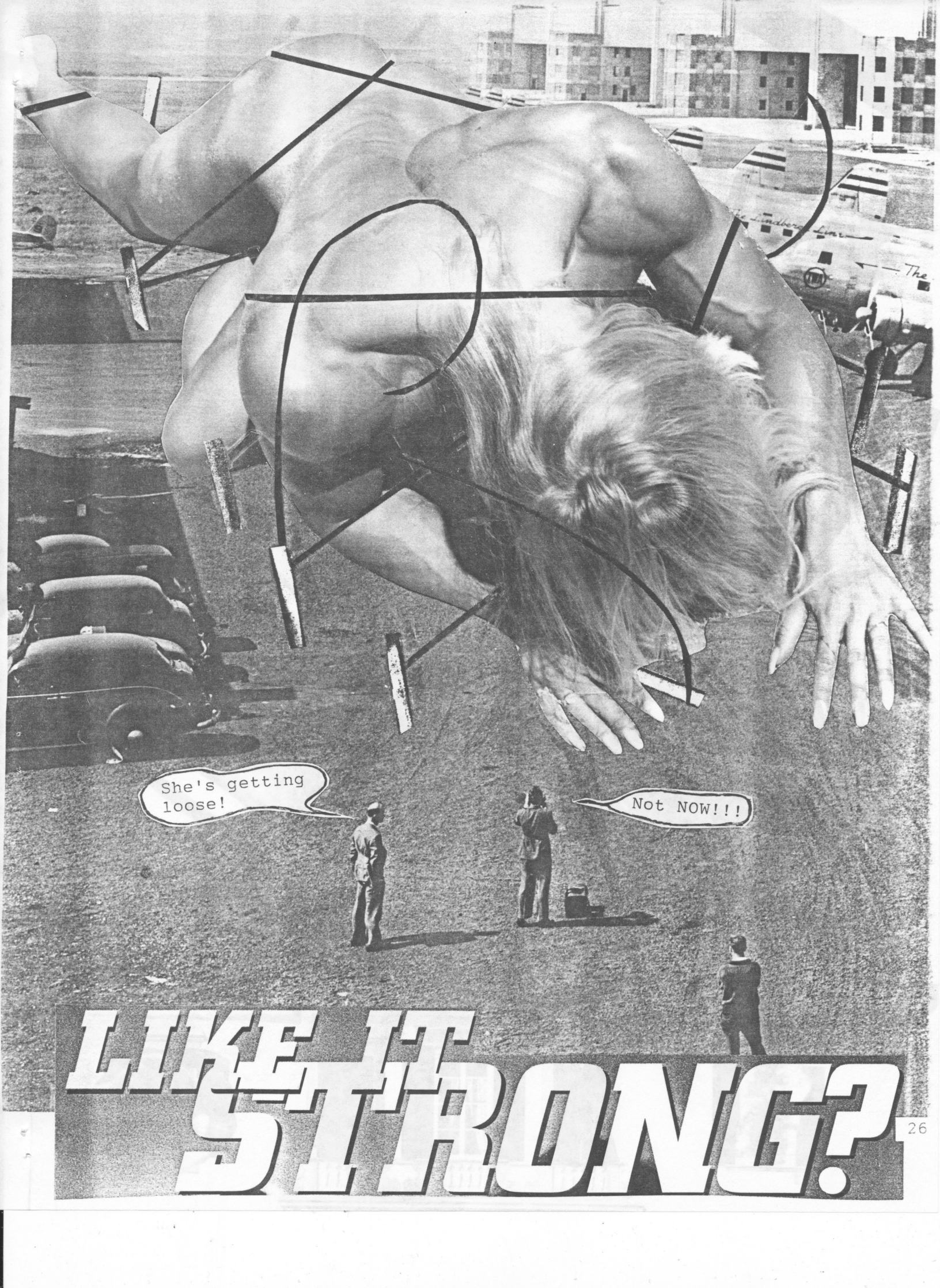
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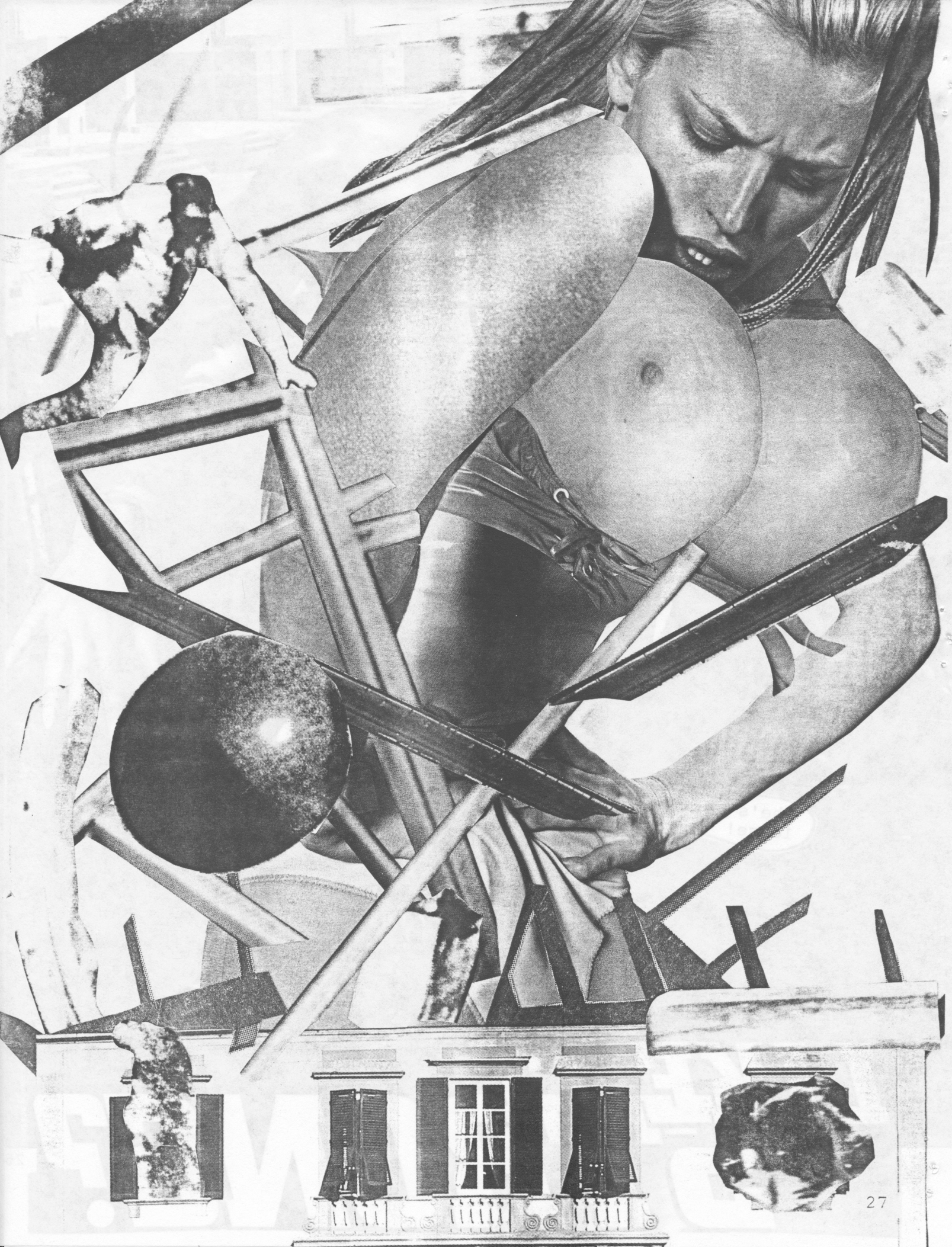




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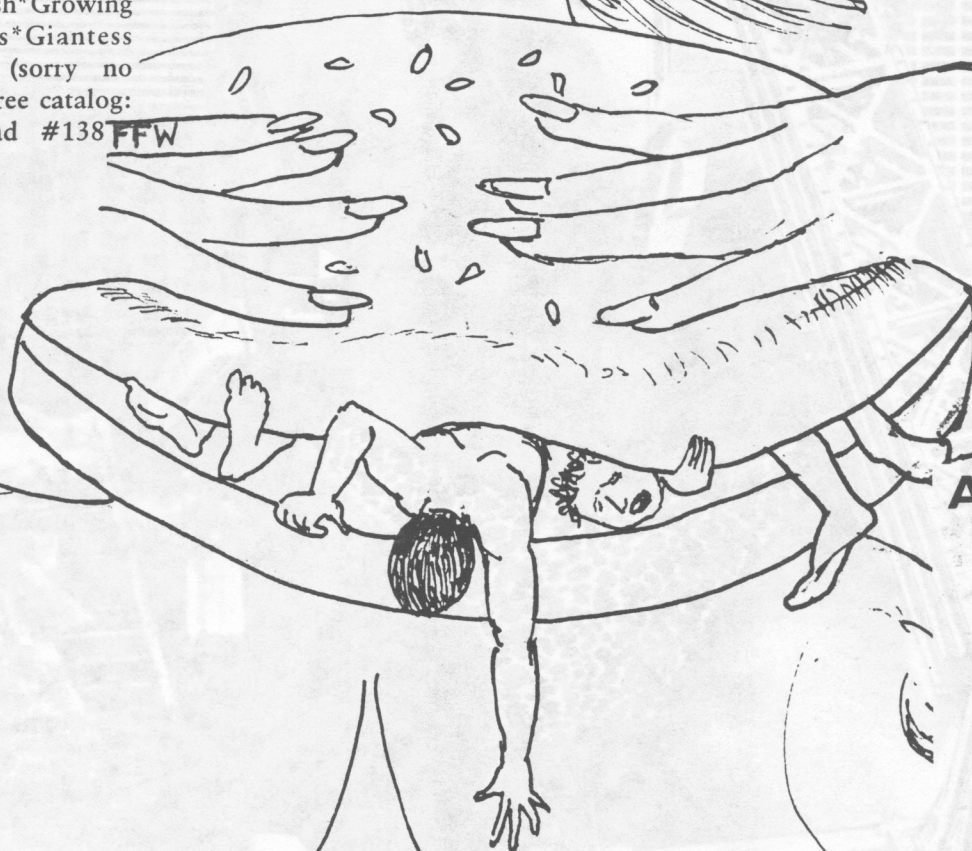
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Currency's Virtually Gigantic Adventures

BY YUL TOLSTOY

IN: "YOUR PROGRAM OR YOUR FRIEND"

MAY 1, 2025: AFTER ACQUIRING AN ADVANCED VR SYSTEM FROM A GREATFUL AND WEALTHY FRIEND AND AFTER SPENDING SEVERAL DAYS PROGRAMMING THE SYSTEM, I DECIDED TO SHOW THE VR SYSTEM TO ANOTHER FRIEND. THIS VR SYSTEM WAS THE STIMULUS THAT LEAD TO PERHAPS THE MOST DRAMATIC CHANGE IN MY LIFE, I'M CURRENTLY MICHAELSON, AND THIS IS THE FIRST OF MY MANY VIRTUALLY GIGANTIC ADVENTURES.



AND SO THE MOMENT BEGAN. AFTER I ACTIVATED THE VR SYSTEM, MY FRIEND MARLYN AND I PUT ON OUR VR BOOGLES TO EXPERIENCE THE FIRST OF MY VIRTUALLY BILANTIC ADVENTURES.



I DECIDED I WANTED TO SURPRISE
MARLYN, SO I DIDNT TELL
HER WHAT THE PROGRAM WAS
BEFOREHAND. AFTER A
BRIEF BIT OF DISORIENTATION,
MARLYN TOOK A LOOK
UP AT MY GIGANTIC
IMAGE.



SOON, I REACHED
DOWN TO PICK UP
MARLYN...



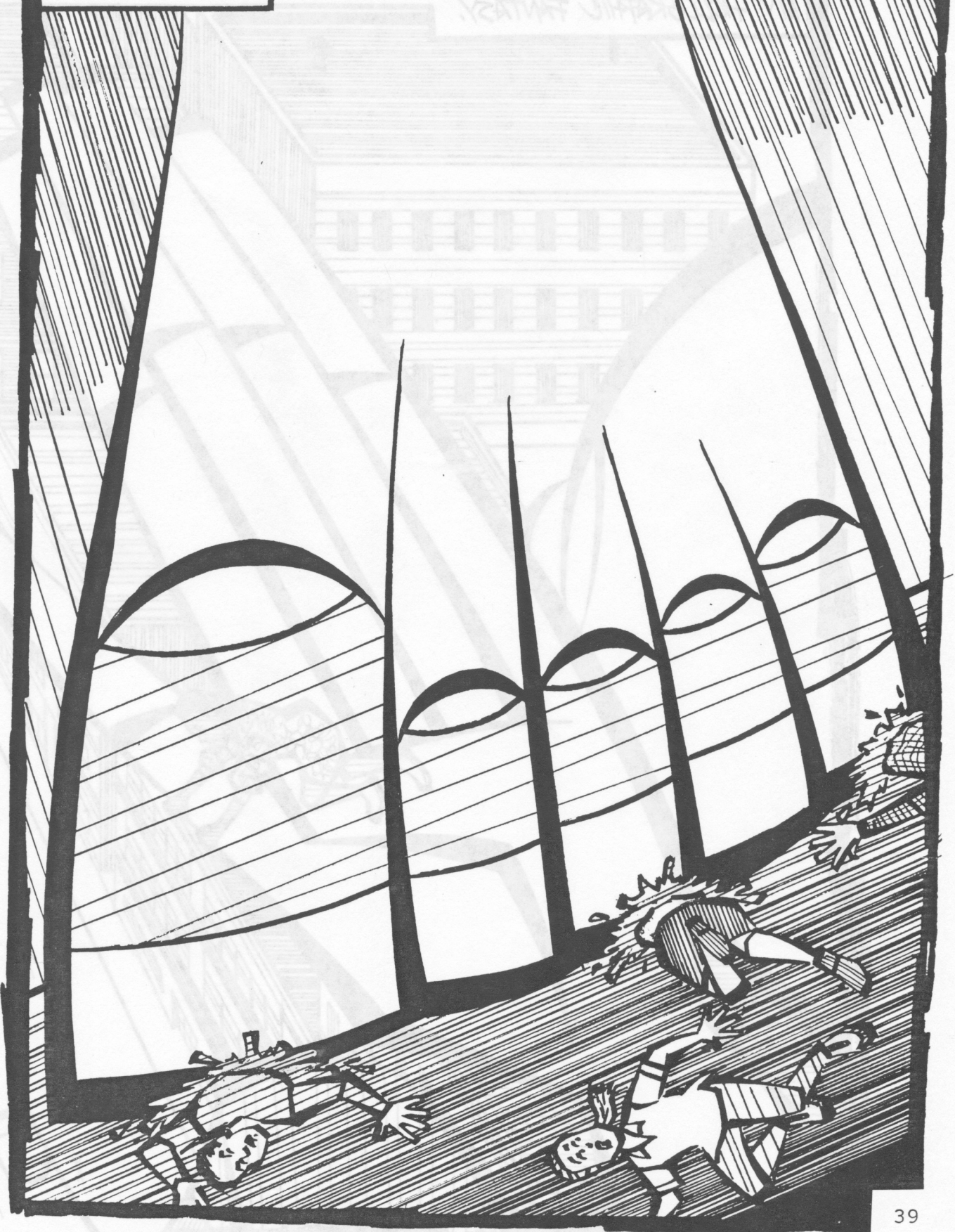
... AND
THEN
I HEADED
FOR A
NEARBY
TOWN.



ONCE THERE, I HAD THE PLEASURE OF CRUSHING AND KILLING
THE TINY POPULACE.



I ESPECIALLY ENJOYED SLICING UP THE TINY PEOPLE WITH MY LONG,
SHARP TOENAILS.



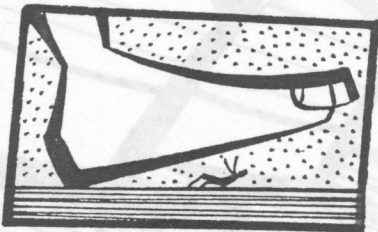
BUT THEN MARLYN SUDDENLY EXPRESSED HER DISPLEASURE TOWARD
MY HOLOGRAPHIC FANTASY.



AFTER GETTING OUT OF THE PROGRAM, MARLYN MADE A HUGE HUFF ABOUT HOW SADISTIC, INSANE AND EVIL I WAS FOR WRITING SUCH A "BRAIN-DAMAGED PROGRAM." THEN SHE TOLD ME THAT AS LONG AS I KEEP SUCH A VR PROGRAM, SHE WILL NEVER ASSOCIATE WITH ME AGAIN.



OR...



AND OF COURSE I HAD A DECISION TO MAKE REGARDING THIS SITUATION. SHOULD I KEEP MY GIANTESS FANTASY PROGRAM, OR SHOULD I STAY FRIENDS WITH MARLYN? HOW DIFFICULT COULD THIS DECISION BE?

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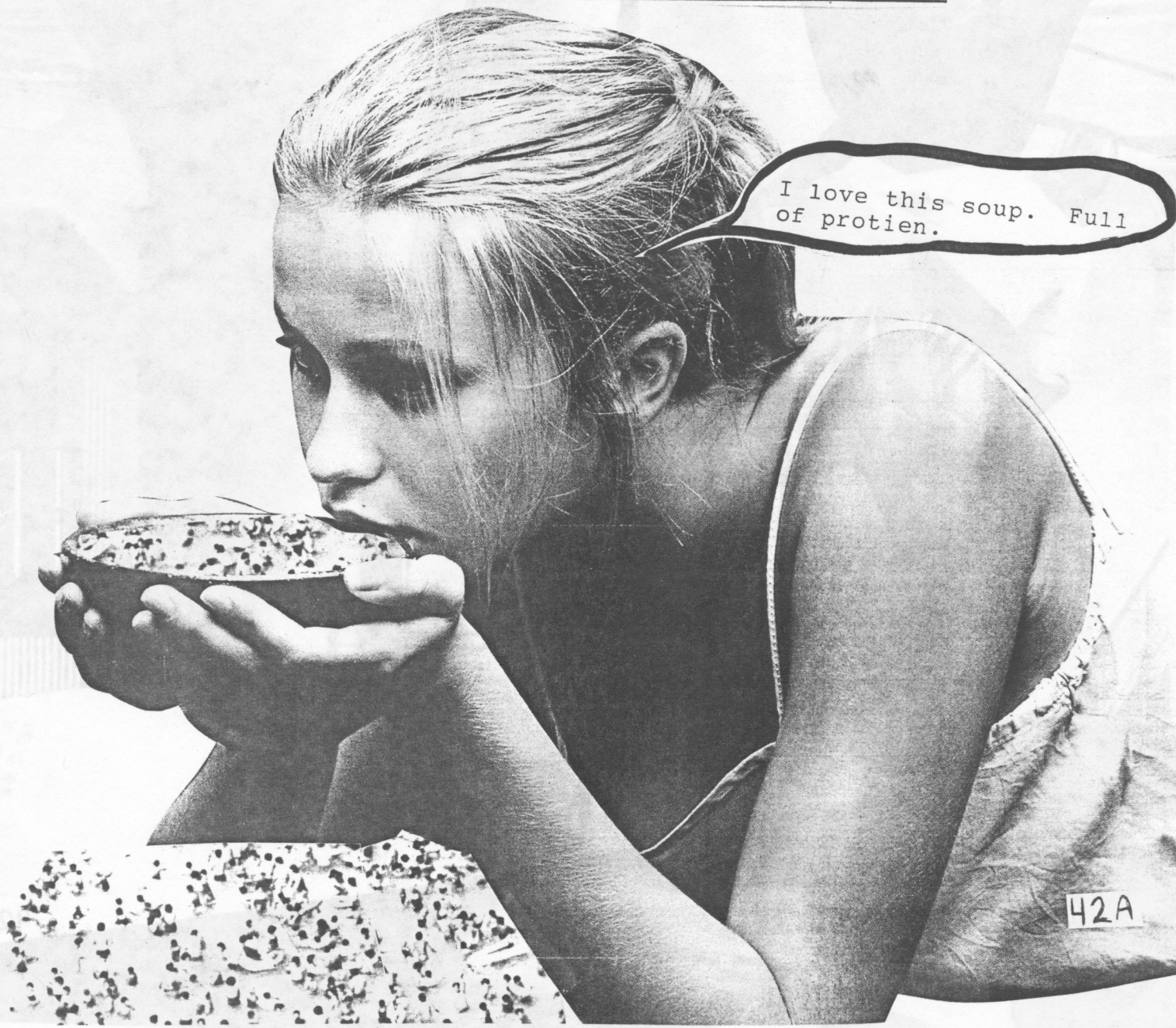
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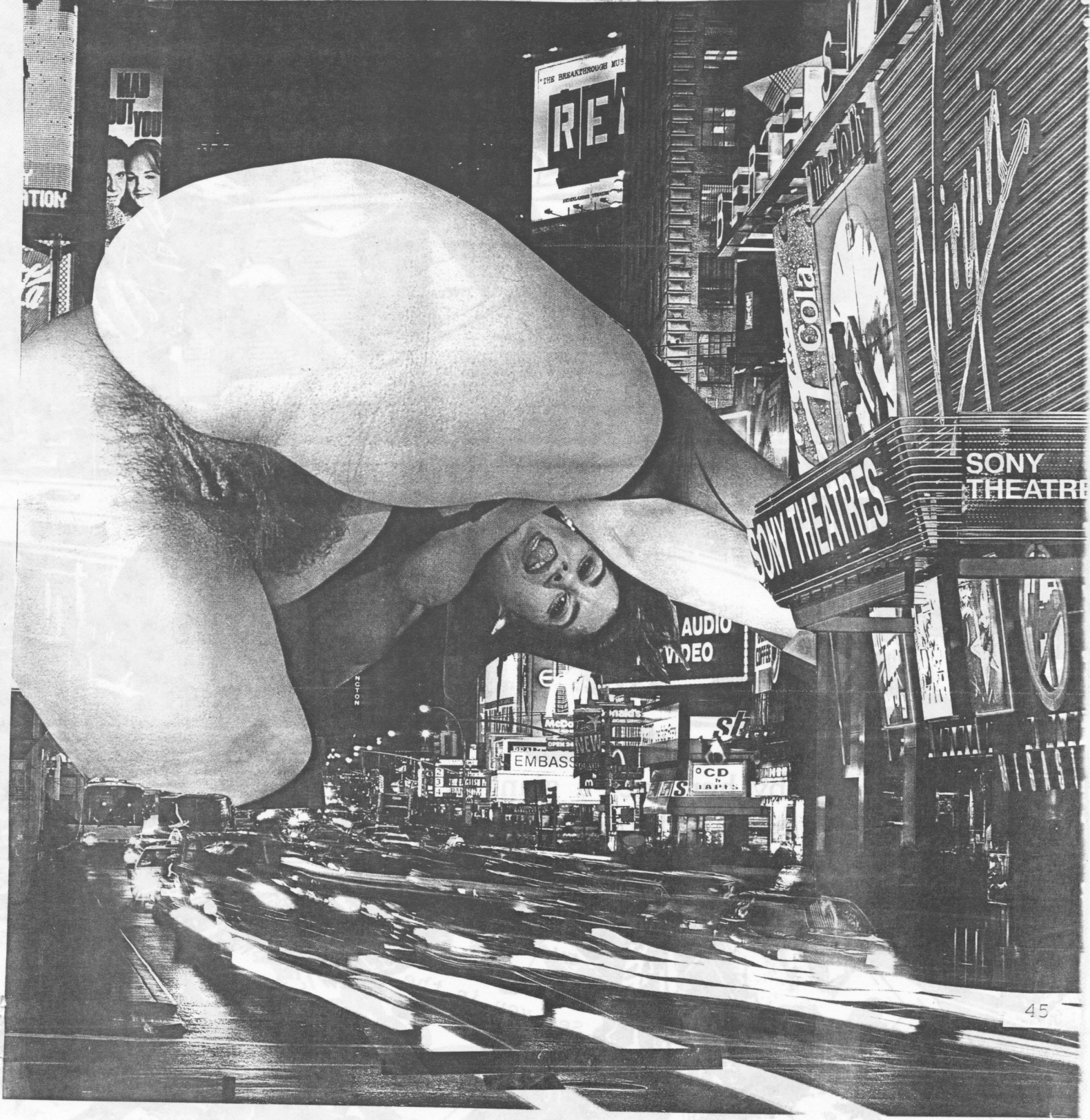


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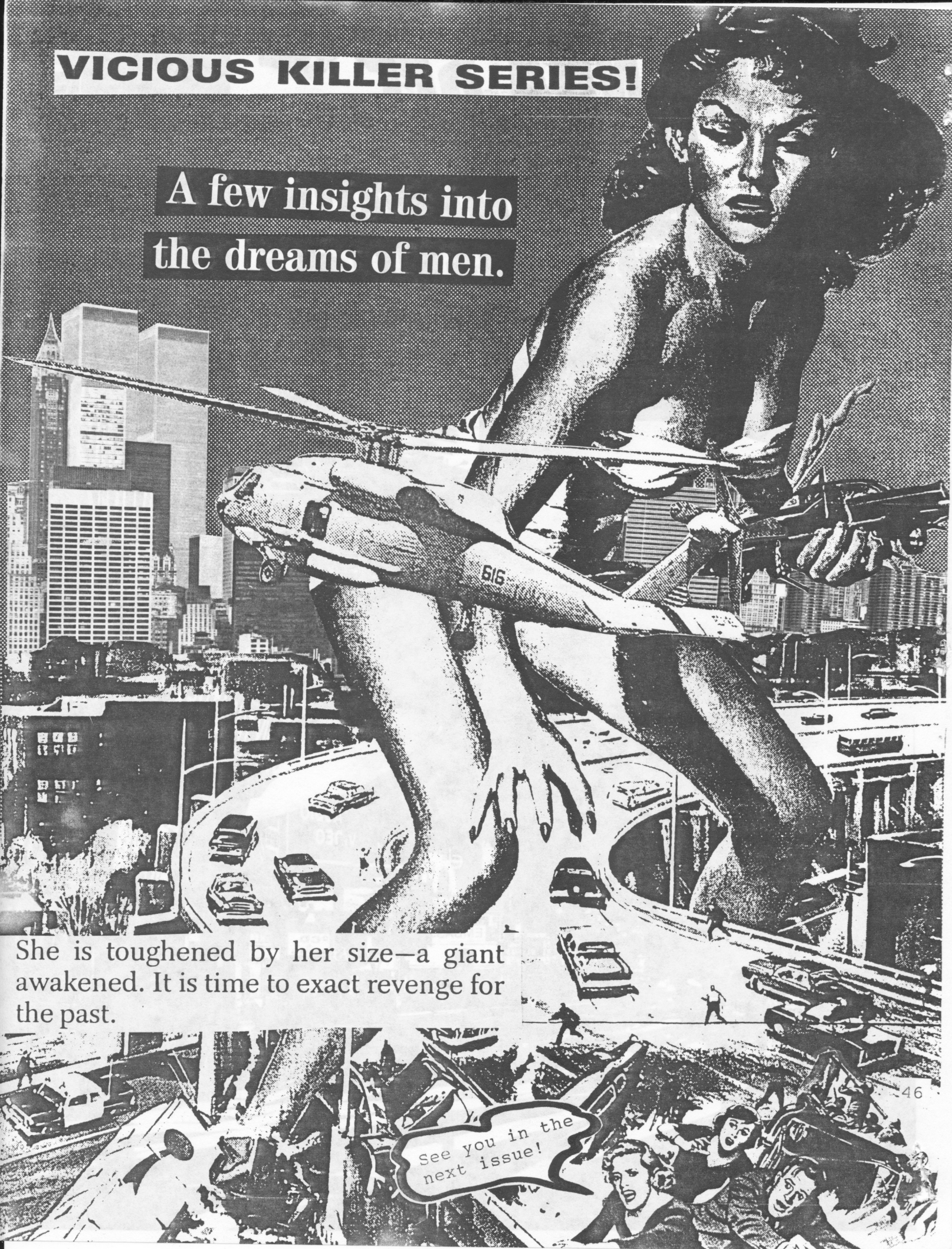


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